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[FOURTH CLASS.]

EMERSON'S LESSONS

FOR

LITTLE READERS.



PHILADELPHIA:
HOGAN AND THOMPSON.

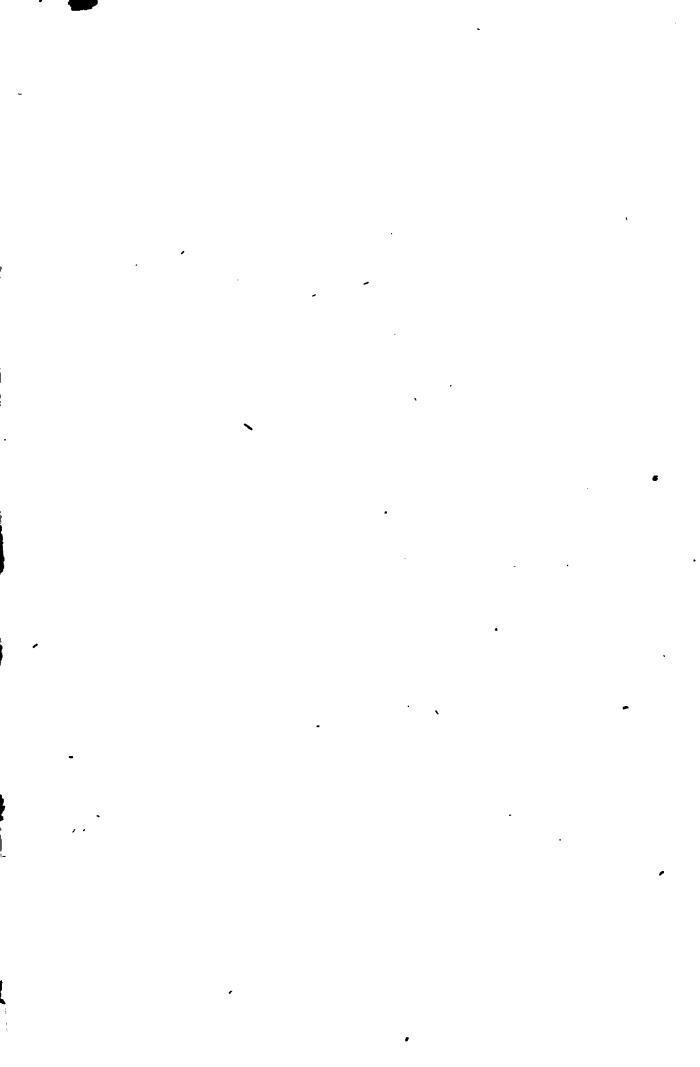
1835.

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LESSONS
FOR
LITTLE READERS.

BY B. D. EMERSON,
AUTHOR OF THE FIRST, SECOND, AND THIRD CLASS READERS.

B. D. Emerson



PHILADELPHIA:
HOGAN AND THOMPSON.

1835.

KC 10732



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ADVERTISEMENT.

SINCE the publication of the Author's Series of Readers, he has been solicited, by those interested in elementary instruction, to furnish a primary reading book, the lessons in which should be more simple and easy than those contained in his Third Class Reader, and in other respects an appropriate introduction thereto. In compliance with these wishes the following little volume has been prepared. The lessons commence with words of not more than three letters, and terminate with dissyllables. It is hoped the style and sentiment will be found easy, and intelligible, and interesting to the tender minds of those for whom it is designed, as well as conducive to their moral improvement.

It will be observed that to several of the first reading lessons, a spelling lesson also is subjoined.

This has been done merely as a sample ; and to remind the teacher that the practice of exercising his younger pupils in the orthography of the most prominent words in each lesson, immediately after they have read the same, is attended with much advantage, and will be found, in no small degree, to promote their improvement in reading as well as spelling.

June, 1835.

LESSONS FOR LITTLE READERS.

LESSON I.

The Bun.

CAN you eat a hot bun? Yes, I can eat a hot bun, but I must not eat all of it.

I can eat a bit of the bun, and Ann can eat a bit of the bun, and so we two can eat all the bun. Shall we eat it so?

The Cat.

How did the cat get up on the bed? Did you put her up?

No, I did not put her on it. She got up: I did not see how she did so.

She is a sad cat to get on the bed; for a bed is not at all fit for a cat to lie on.

can	bun	all	how	bed	lie
you	hot	bit	did	put	see
eat	yes	two	cat	she	shall

LESSON II.

The Wet Day.

It is so wet to-day, we can not go out to play; and we must stay here.

By and by, if it is not wet, we can go out, and walk.

The sun is not out now at all. I can not see it. The sun was out at six and at ten: I saw it then, but can not see it now; the air is so full of fog.

The Top.

SEE my new top: how it can hum!

Can you put a top up?

Yes, if I had one; but I can not get a top to put up. You can buy one.

No, Ned, I can not; but you can buy one for me, if you will.

Do buy me a top to hum as your own does.

wet	out	all	was	yes	put
day	and	see	saw	had	yet
can	sun	six	new	one	your
not	now	ten	top	buy	does



LESSON III.

The Blind Man.

WHY does that old man hold a dog, as he goes down the lane? He does not seem to know his own way; and how can he show the dog?

Oh, Tom! it is the dog, which must show the man the way to go; for the dog can see it, and will lead the man.

The poor man can not see at all; and he can not walk, but with that good dog to lead him, and take care of him.

why
does

man
hold

seem
show

must
lead

take
care

LESSON IV.

The Fat Hog.

SEE how fat the old hog is! He can but just get up in his sty, he is so big and so fat.

He can lie down, and he can eat as he lies down, and he goes to sleep; but he can not tell how to get up, he is such a fat old hog.

O fie! old hog! Do not lie, and eat, and sleep so, all the day.

The Fly.

WHAT is this on my hand? It is not a wasp, nor is it a bee, nor is it a gnat, nor an ant. Look, how it runs! What can it be?

Oh, Ann! it is but a poor fly. It will not hurt us. It wants some of our milk. Let it have some.

You may take some of my milk, if you will, poor fly!

fat	get	fly	what	milk
old	his	just	hand	some
hog	all	down	wasp	take
sty	nor	goes	gnat	sleep

LESSON V.

The Ball.

Who can tell how to play at ball? I have a nice ball, but I do not know the best way to play with it. Can you tell me, Ned?

Yes, I can, if you like to play my way; but if you do not, try your own. It is a nice ball, but it is too soft for a boy to play with: it may do for my trap.

The Lost Nest.

THE poor bird has lost her nest. Some boy saw it on the bush, and took it, and all the eggs that she had lain in it.

He did not want the nest, but he took it to play with the eggs. He will keep them, and hang them up.

Do you see how sad the poor bird is? and do you not hear her cry? Poor bird! I wish the boy had not seen your nest.

tell	best	soft	bush	wish
ball	wish	trap	eggs	seen
nice	like	bird	lain	poor
know	play	nest	keep	took

LESSON VI.

The Sick Boy.

Look at that poor boy. How pale and how weak he is! Why is he so pale?

He has been ill. He ate too much rich cake, and it has made him sick.

If he had not done so, but kept a part of his cake for the next day, he need not have been so ill.

But now, you see, he lies on his bed, and he can not get up, and walk out to hear the birds sing this fine day.

He can not run, nor jump, nor play, but must lie on his bed for some days yet; and it may be, that we shall not see him out for a long time.

I hope, my son, you will not act like this boy, nor eat more than is good for you, that you may not look pale like him, nor feel as ill as he now does.

look	much	kept	sing	hope
that	rich	part	walk	look
poor	cake	next	jump	feel
weak	made	lies	shall	days
been	done	birds	long	does



LESSON VII.

The Pet Dog.

ANN has a small dog, and she makes him her pet. When she has read her books and done her work, she takes him into the yard, where he jumps and plays as she bids him.

She has been at play with him, and now they are both set down to rest. He is a good dog, and is quite fond of Ann.

He knows how to please her with his tricks and play; and once, when Ann fell in the pond, he set up a howl, and brought the men from the next field to help her out.

So you may be sure they are good friends; and if you wish to please Ann, you must take care to treat her dog well.

LESSON VIII.

The Ramble.

THE duck is in the pond ; it will kill the gold fish that are in it.—Ducks eat fish as well as corn. Let us go and sit on that bank ; and then we can see them.

Oh ! it is quite cold ; we will go back, and call at the farm, and get a cup of warm milk.

Oh ! yes, let us go ; I am so fond of new milk !

Do you see that colt in the park ? It is full of play. Mind what you do ; it may kick you, and do you much hurt.

Stop ! we must not go that way ; that dog may run at us, and bite us.

We can go up the hill, then turn to the left, and pass by the mill, if it will not be too dark ; or we can run off to the barn, and go back in the cart, if the man has not left work.



duck	kill	cold	colt	turn
pond	corn	back	park	left
fish	that	milk	kick	mill
gold	bank	farm	play	work

LESSON IX.

The Cat and Dog.

SEE, Ann, what a fine large cat! Touch her:—how sleek she is! What a soft fur skin she has! Take care; she has sharp claws. If you are kind, she will not hurt you.

Tell the maid to bring her some milk; she is fond of those that feed her. Cats can catch mice in the dark. Do not nurse her up in your lap. If you do, she will catch no mice.

George, here comes the great dog. He barks, but he will not hurt you. He does not much like the cat. Puss puts up her back at him: now see how fond he is: pat him.

He wags his tail, and licks my hand. Though he fawns, he is not false. He likes to go out with us by day. He takes care of the house by night. But he must not come in the room. John, give him some bones in the yard.

fine
touch

sleek
sharp

bring
catch

George
great

false
house

LESSON X.

Sewing.

PRAY, may I sew to-day?

Yes; what do you wish to sew?

I wish to hem a frill for your cap. Is not this a new cap? and I see it has no frill.

You may make the frill for me; I shall like to wear a frill that you have made. Here is a bit of cloth which will make a nice frill. You must hem it. I will turn it down for you, but take care not to soil it.

Wash your hands, and take care to wipe them dry. Now sit down on your low stool. Not there; you can not see if you sit with your back to the light. Now you may go on. You will see best here by my side.

You must join these two bits with a seam; and when you have done as far as this pin, bring it to me to look at.

I have done as far as you told me.

It is well done for so young a child; and if you take pains, as you have done to-day, you will soon sew well.

I wish to sew well, for then I can help you to make caps, and frocks, and I hope to be of some use to you.



LESSON XI.

The New Book.

HERE is a nice new book for Jane. She may look at it ; and she may read in it ; and she may keep it for her own ; but then she must be good, and do as we bid her, and try to read well.

Now, Jane, are you not glad to have a book of your own ? Will you not try your best to learn all that is in it ? See, there are fine cuts in it.

Here is a man ; and there is a fine horse ; and here, too, is a girl and a dog. The book tells you a great deal of the ways of the horse and the rest. I hope you will like to read it.

Good boys and girls are fond of their books, and keep them nice, and love to read them.

LESSON XII.

The Old Sheep and Lamb.

ONE day, an old sheep, with her young lamb, was in a field with the rest of the flock. The sun was warm, and the lamb was quite gay, and full of play.

It ran here and there, up and down, round and round; but it ran most by the hedge, as it was a warm spot, and the high hedge kept off the wind.

At last the lamb, in its glee, ran quite in-to a bush, full of thorns, and the thorns took hold of its coat, and held it fast, so that it could not get free.

The old sheep, who was not far off, heard it bleat, and ran to it to help it; but in vain did the old sheep pull the bush: she could not set her lamb free.

At last the sheep left the bush, and ran as fast as she could to the next field, where was a ram with horns. She told the ram (that is, she told him in her way) the sad case of her lamb.

The ram ran with her to the bush, and, with his horns, set the poor lamb free, with the loss of some of its wool. I dare say the lamb went no more to that bush.

LESSON XIII.

Advice.

If you have any who are so kind as to take care of you, and to teach you, and to do you all the good they can, you must thank them, as well as God, for it.

You must mind what they say to you, and do as they bid you. You must do this, as well when you are out of their sight, as when they see you.

You must not look sour, nor look cross, when they bid you do what you do not like; and you must not cry nor fret, when they will not give you all that you wish to have.

You are too young, yet, to know, as well as they do, what is good for you to have, or what is right for you to do.

Do not vex those who are so kind to you. Try to make them glad. And as they took care of you when you were young, so you ought to take care of them, and help them, when they grow old.

teach
thank

sight
what
2*

cross
young

right
know

them
ought

LESSON XIV.

The Boys and Frog—A Fable.

SOME boys took up stones to pelt a frog ; and thus it said to them :

“Boys! why do you pelt us? We do not hurt you, nor wish to do it.

“You should do as you would be done by. Would you like to have a stone thrown at you? Hurt no one; but be kind and good to all.

“Think what you do : we frogs can feel as well as you boys. We live in this pond, and do no harm : be good, and leave us here in peace.”

Aunt. How is this? Can frogs speak?

Boy. They can croak, and make a noise, but they can not speak ; can they, aunt?

Aunt. No, my dear; but this man says for the frog what we may think the poor thing would say, if it could speak.

Boy. Why, aunt?

Aunt. To teach you, my dear. I hope you would not hurt or vex the things which you meet with. If you do as you wish to be

done by, you will be a good boy, and we shall all love you.

Boy. I wish Jack, and Ned, and George, to be kind to me : I wish them to let me see their things, and play with them.

Aunt. Then you know what you should do to please Jack, and to please—

Boy. O, yes! aunt. I should lend them my toys and books, and what is fit for them to have ; and I will do so.

The Evening.

WE will take a walk in the fields. Shall we go up the lawn, and by the grove, and over the plain, and down the vale? The milk-maid goes home with her pail, and the sheep now go to their fold.

The boys and girls play on the green, while the old sit and talk on the seat, and tell over the deeds of their youth, nor think of the toils of the day.

The birds sing as they go to rest. Now the sun has quite hid his face. Now the seat and the spire grow dim. We will now turn back to our home. The chills of night will soon come on.



LESSON XV.

The Cow.

COME, let us go and see John milk the cow. May we have some of the nice new milk?

Yes, you may. Take your cup, and he will fill it for you. See you do not tease him, but wait till he can give it to you.

How still the cow stands, while John takes the milk from her! She is a good friend to us. She gives the best of food for boys and girls.

We must take good care of the cow, and be kind to her, and not let her want for food or drink.

She likes to feed on the fresh, green grass, and to lie down in the shade of a great tree, and chew the cud.

She likes to wade in the pond when the day is hot, or stand in the cool brook, and drink the stream, as it flows fresh and pure from the springs.

LESSON XVI.

Spring.

How sweet the day! how fine and mild! The rose puts forth its leaves. The fruit-trees are thick with bloom. The snow-drop grows up at our feet. Sweet scents float on the soft gale.

Take James and Ann on the lawn. Hark, James! what hum do we hear? It is a hive of bees: how busy they are! The bees sip their sweets from the blooms; they form small cells with wax; they toil all the days that are fair; when cold, they keep close to their hives.

The vine climbs up the high wall; the hop climbs round the tall poles; the rose, though so sweet, has a thorn; the bee, with its sweets, has a sting.

LESSON XVII.

Summer.

THE cold dews have left the earth. Now the high sun darts his beams. The flocks and herds seek the cool shade. The fruits are now red on the trees. The meads are thick with high grass.

The sweet hay scents all the vale. The swains and maids make the hay. The haycock shades them at their meals. Let us toss the new mown grass. Let us sit down on the new made hay.

The cool stream winds through the vale ; the gay barge skims down the stream ; soft sounds float on the still air. Let us sit down in the cool shade. Then we will go home through the grove.

LESSON XVIII.

The Duck.

HAVE you seen the duck on her nest ? She sits near the wall of the yard. She has eggs in her nest, and she sits on them to keep them warm. And what is the use of this, do you think ?

Why, to make them come to life. She has been there, as you see her now, for the last ten days.

When she has kept her eggs warm, in this way, for four weeks, the shell of the egg will break; and the old duck will help to peck it off.

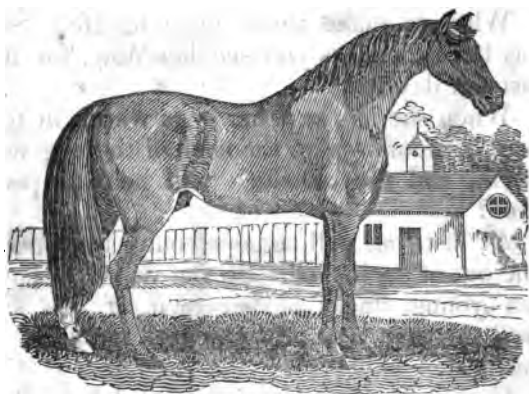
At last, out will come a young live duck; one out of each shell. So she will then have ten young ducks of her own, if she sits well till that time, for she has ten eggs in her nest.

God makes her know this, and has made her to love her young so well, that she does not mind the long time she must stay on her nest, till they come out of the egg shell.

They must love her, and do all that she would have them do. And I dare say they will do so, for God has made them know that they must.



duck	what	shell	this	they
nest	make	break	love	would
near	life	peck	long	dare
wall	been	live	stay	must.
yard	days	each	mind	that
warm	eggs	time	know	will
think	weeks	makes	young	them



LESSON XIX.

The Horse.

HERE is a fine horse, just gone out to grass. How high he holds his head! How can they catch the horse when they want to ride him? Were we to try to run up to him, he would fly off to the end of the field, and be out of our reach.

But I will tell you how they would do it. A man would take a sieve full of corn, and go near to the horse; and then he would shake the sieve, and say, Come, come, come.

And when the horse saw the corn, he would want to eat some; and then, as he put his head down to eat out of the sieve,

the man would slip a rope round his neck, and then he would be caught.

But the horse need not fear to be caught. He will be led to a warm barn, and will have a good bed of straw to lie on, and be well fed with nice hay and corn.

LESSON XX.

The Walk.

It is a fine day ; let us walk out. What a blue sky ! not a cloud to be seen. Shall we go to the fields or the park ? Shall we walk on the plain, or the hill ? Let us go up to the farm yard.

Now, James, what a fine view we have ! The sheep feed on the high hills ; the lambs frisk near their dams ; the cow lows for her lost calf ; the horse neighs when led to the field.

The young birds hop on the spray ; the ducks swim in the great pond. See, the flies play on the clear stream. The stream runs over the smooth stones. James, do not go too near the pond.

Do not run in the high grass, nor sit down on the cold ground. See, the sun now sets

in the west. He shines on the top of the spire, and gilds the tops of the high trees.

LESSON XXI.

The Wet Bee.

Girl. OH, look at this poor bee on the fence! It is hurt, but it is not dead, for it moves, but I do not think it can fly. What do you think ails it?

Mother. That poor bee came out of his hive, when he should have staid at home in it. The sun shone warm; but soon a cloud came, and it grew cold, and the rain fell, and made the bee wet, and so weak that he could not get back to his hive, which is a great way off. So he stops here till the sun shall shine out.

Girl. But if the sun should not come out to day, what can the poor bee do then?

Mother. Why, then, Ann, I fear the poor thing will die, for it is quite weak.

Girl. But can we not help it, and take it back to its warm hive?

Mother. No, we can do it no good at all, for we do not know which is its own hive; and if we were to put it in the wrong one,

the bees there would soon kill it ; for bees fight. You must mind how you touch bees, for they have sharp stings ; and if they fear that you will hurt them, they can sting you ; which would give you much pain.

Girl. I should not like that at all, and so I will not touch them ; but I wish I could help this poor bee to its home, for I think it will die here.

Mother. You are a good child ; but you must leave it now, for you can do it no good.

I hope the sun will come out, so that all these poor bees can reach their hives. Come, now we will go.

LESSON XXII.

Autumn.

SEE, the trees bend with ripe fruits. The wheat looks bright like gold. The ears are now ripe on the stem ; they bend down the tall stalk. The ears are now full of ripe wheat.

The men now reap the high grain ; then they tie it up in large heaps. See the sheaves, how thick they stand ; the team goes home with the load. The poor come and glean in the fields.

See the stacks in the farm yard. The large barns are full of grain. The soft moss is spread on the bank. Let us sit down near the stream. The woods ring with the voice of joy.



LESSON XXIII.

The Careless Scholar.

You do not read well to day. If you do not try to read, you will be a dunce, and no one will love you or care much for you.

Bring me your book, that I may mark your place: now go and sit down on that seat; but you need not get too near the door, as you may take cold.

Look at your hands ; how black they are ! When did you wash them ? Not to-day, I think ; and your face and neck are quite as bad. You must come here with your face and hands clean.

It is a shame for a child like you not to be neat and clean ; and I shall not like it if you come so late ; it is now more than half past nine o'clock.

Do not stop on the road as you come to school. Do not play with those who are rude in the street, lest you should be thought as rude as they.

If you do not mind what I say to you, I shall put a cap on your head, and you will look like George, who stands on the stool there.

LESSON XXIV.

Winter.

It is a fine clear day, though cold. The frost is hard on the ground. Charles, call James and Ann to me. Where are your hats and coats ? Let us take a walk round the park.

The trees are now stripped of their leaves. The birds sit still on the boughs. The ice hangs from the high roof ; the snow and ice

shine in the sun. See, the boys slide, and the men skate.

Hark ! do you hear the sound of the horn, the noise of the hounds and the gun ? Now I feel for the poor birds and the hare. Here are the sweet cows, and the farm yard. Feed them well, John, with nice hay ; for all the grass is hid with the snow.

LESSON XXV.

The Rainy Day.

Child. O DEAR ! now the rain is come ; I fear it will be a wet day, and then we can not go out to play at all. What shall we do in doors all day long ? I wish it would **not** rain, for I do not love wet days.

Mother. And I do not love boys who find fault and look cross when it rains.

Rain does good, and it is the gift of God, who sends it. If there were no rain, there would soon be no food ; grass would not grow, and corn would not come up : men, and beasts, and birds, would die for want of water to drink.

We should be glad of rain, and be sure that God knows best when to send it, and when it will do us the most good.

You need not be out of doors while rain falls, but may please your-self in the house.

You have a nice warm home to keep you dry, and books and toys to play with, while you are in doors.

And when the rain is past, then you may go out, and see how gay all things look ; how fresh and how sweet ; and the sun will shine more bright than it did be-fore. Why, then, should you look cross when it rains ?

LESSON XXVI.

The Hot Day.

Boy. How hot it is to day ! The sun shines so warm that it makes my head ache, if I take off my hat ; and it is so hot that I can not bear it on.

What shall I do ? I can not drive my hoop ; nor work in my gar-den ; nor play at bat and ball ; and there is no wind at all, so that I can not fly my kite.

What is there that I can play at, this hot day ? I wish you would tell me what to do.

Mother. Poor boy ! you seem to be quite put out of all your plays. I can tell you what to do, which you may like as well as those things which you can not do.

You may come with me to the great oak tree, which will shade us from the hot sun ; and bring your new map to put up, while I work and read.

We shall find the time will not seem long : it will soon grow more cool, for the sun is going down. Then we can walk ; or you may work, run, and do as you like.



LESSON XXVII.

Evening Prayer.

At the close of the day, before you go to sleep, you should not fail to pray to God to keep you from sin and from harm.

You ask your friends for food and drink,

and books and clothes ; and when they give you these things, you thank them, and love them for the good they do you.

So you should ask your God for those things which he can give you, and which no one else can give you.

You should ask him for life, and health, and strength ; and you should pray to him to keep your feet from the ways of sin and shame.

You should thank him for all his good gifts ; and learn, while young, to put your trust in him ; and the kind care of God will be with you, both in your youth and in your old age.

LESSON XXVIII.

A Bad Habit cured.

Miss BROWN was a child of five years old. She had a bad trick, which she at last got rid of, but not till it had been the cause of great pain to her.

She would taste of all things she thought might be good to eat. She was told not to do so, but still she went on.

If she saw a cup or a glass with some thing to drink in it, she would take a sip of it ; if she found a plate, she would bite or

break a part of what was in it ; and though she did not find them all nice, still she went on in this way.

At last, she one day came into a room where was a glass of what she thought was wine. She took a sip in great haste, and when she had done so, she cried out in great pain.

This stuff was not to drink, and it took all the skin off her lips, her mouth, and her throat : had she drank much more, it would have cost her her life.

She could not eat or drink, but with great pain, for more than a week ; and the pain was such that she could not eat much, so that she grew thin, pale, and weak, and felt quite ill.

All this led her to think how wrong she had been, and that it all came from her own bad tricks. So she said, I will leave off these ways : and I hear she has kept her word.

LESSON XXIX.

The Shoe String.

Aunt. JANE, why do you cry ?

Jane. I have lost my shoe string.

Aunt. Well, it is of no use to cry : look for it.

Jane. I have done so, and I can not find it. I want to walk out with Charles, and my string is lost.

Aunt. When had you it last?

Jane. I had it when I was at play last night. It came out of my shoe, and I did not like to stop just then to put it in. I ran out of the room to go to tea, and left it on the floor; and now that I want it, I can not find it.

What can I do? Mother gave me a new pair of shoe strings last week, and told me to take care of them; and she said, "Jane, take care of these strings, for I can give you no more if you lose them."

And now I have lost one; I can not walk out, for my shoe will not keep on; it slips off when I lift my foot from the ground, so that I must go slip, slip, slide, slide, to keep it on at all.

We were to have gone to see the wild beasts, and now I must stay at home. They will not wait for me, I know. How bad Ann was to sweep my shoe string in-to the fire! I am sure she did, for how else can it have been lost? It is all her fault.

Aunt. No, Jane, it is all your own fault: if you had put the string in your shoe as soon as it came out, you would not have lost it.

But what is this black string the cat has got to play with?

Jane. O dear me, it is my string! Puss, puss, how did you get my shoe string? She must have found it on the floor. It is wet and torn, but it will just hold my shoe on my foot. But now they are gone, and have left me at home.

Aunt. Well, dry your tears. Be neat, and take care of your things in future; and then you will have all that you want at all times.



LESSON XXX.

The Seal.

GEORGE BLISS was a good lad, and his father one day gave him a new book, in

which were cuts both of birds and of fishes; he did not know what to think of the seal; for, said he, "it does not look much like a fish, and I am quite sure it is not a bird. Do, sir, tell me about it."

"A seal, my dear," said his father, "is in part like a beast, and in part like a fish; it lives on land and in the sea; but it is most like a fish, as it seems to like best to live in the sea.

"Its head is round like that of a man; it has teeth like those of a dog, and its eyes are large and bright; its ears are two holes in the head, and in its shape, it becomes smaller near the tail.

"It has black hair, which shines as if oil had been put on it. Some seals are black, and some have spots on their coats.

"They have four feet; the two hind feet are more like fins. They use these hind feet, or fins, when they swim; but they seem to be of no use to them, when they are on land.

"They live on fish, and are found in the north seas. They are caught for the sake of their skins, and the oil which their fat yields."

"Now, pray tell me," said George, "how all this is known; for it must be a sad cold place to live in; and I think no one would be found to live there from choice."

“There are men, my son,” said his father, “who go in ships to all lands, both hot and cold, to learn this, and much more than I can tell you ; but once a year, ships are sent to these seas, to catch whales and seals for the sake of the skins, and of the oil their fat gives out ; and they thus see and learn much that is of great use, both to them and the rest of the world.”

LESSON XXXI.

The Nest of Young Birds.

SEE! what has that man got in his hand? It is a nest of young birds. I wonder what he is going to do with them. I hope he will not kill them : poor little birds! what a wicked man, to take them from their parents!

I dare say he will be careful of them, and put them in a cage, and feed them, till they can eat ; and then, perhaps, he will sell them, for they are larks, and will sometimes sing very sweetly.

But he cannot take so much care of them, nor feed them so well as the old birds can. Besides, it seems so hard to shut them up in a cage, and not to let them fly about in the air, as other birds do!

Now he has put the nest on the bank, and

is gone to his work and left them ; and, I declare, here are the old birds come to feed them. Oh ! I am so happy ; I wish they could carry them back, but they can not.

I will go and ask the man to sell them to me ; and if he will, I will buy them and take them back to the place he took them from ; and that will please the old birds, I am sure.

LESSON XXXH.

The Dove and the Ant—A Fable.

A POOR ANT, who came to a brook to drink, stepped so far in her haste that she fell in ; and there is no doubt but she would have lost her life had it not been for a dove, who broke off a small twig from a tree, and dropped it in, so that the ant got on the top of it, and rode safe to shore.

In a few days' time, a man came with his nets and his snares, and would have caught the kind dove, and made an end of her. But the ant, who stood close by him, and saw what he was at, crept up his legs as fast as she could, and gave him a smart twinge with her sting. "For now," thought she, "is the time, and I will save my dear friend, if I die for it."

So, as soon as the man felt the pain, he made a start, and the good dove took fright, flew off, and got safe home to her nest.

Moral.

Learn from hence to help those who are in need, as much as you can. If you do a good man a good turn when it falls in your way, you will make him a sure friend to you; and though weak and poor, you may find his help when you think of it least, and want it most.



LESSON XXXIII.

The Passionate Boy.

NEVER get in a rage. Jane and Charles were at play. Charles had a wish to see

Jane's doll. But he did not ask her for it, as a good boy would have done, but put out his hand to snatch it.

Jane did not like this. She rose up, and ran round the room with the doll in her arms. Charles rose and ran too; and when he tried to snatch the doll, he fell on the floor, and hurt his head. At last, when he made out to catch her, and seize the doll, he was so out of breath, and so much in a rage, that he tore off its arm.

Jane held up her hands and cried while he did this; and when he had thrown it on the floor, in came their mother, to see what all this noise was for.

When she came to know all the truth about the doll, Charles was shut up in his room for a whole day; and there he learnt that it was not best to get in a rage, nor to snatch what he might just as well ask to have.

LESSON XXXIV.

A Child's Morning Song.

HOLY FATHER, God of love,
Dwelling in the realms above,
For His sake who died for me,
Hear an infant pray to Thee.

Praise be Thine, for Thou hast kept
Me in safety whilst I slept,
And, from slumbers of the night,
Woke me to the morning's light.
Lord, be with me through the day,
Lest my footsteps go astray ;
Keep me pure without, within,
Free from thoughts and deeds of sin.
So shall I, with Thee to guide,
Walk with wisdom by my side,
And pursue that holy way
Which shall lead to endless day.
Then, my Father, hear my prayer ;
Take my soul into thy care ;
And, through Him who died for me,
Let me live, O God, to Thee.

LESSON XXXV.

A Bad Boy punished.

Frank. O, MOTHER, look at that boy in the tree.

Mother. You should not climb trees, little boy ; you will tear all your clothes, and your father and mother, I dare say, have to work hard to get them for you. Come down, and let me speak to you.

Boy. Let me get this bird's nest first.

Charles. O, do not touch the bird's nest.

Boy. And why not? I found it out, and I have a right to take it.

Mother. You are a rude boy, and a bad one, too, I fear. Why should you rob the poor bird of its nest?

Charles. Look, mother! he has got hold of the nest; and see! there are some young birds in it; and hark! what a sad cry the old ones make for them, as they fly from branch to branch round the boy's head.

Mother. Pray do not hurt them. Come down, and I will give you more than the birds are worth.

Charles. Do, mother.

Mother. What would you say, little boy, if some one were to find out your home, and were to take you from your father and mother, in spite of all the shrieks and cries which you or they might make?

Boy. Why, as to that, not much; but what do you mean to give me?

Mother. Do you not know that those poor birds, whose nest you now want to take, have flown miles and miles, day by day, to pick up twigs, and moss, and hay, and bits of wool, to build it with?

Boy. There is no wool in it that I can see.

Mother. Fie, fie! you are a bad boy; and

God, who sees you do ill, will one day make you feel for all the pain you give to those poor birds. Come, my dears, it is time for us to turn back.

The next day, when Frank and Charles went to school, they were told that a boy had been found dead in a lane close by the town. It was the boy they had seen in the tree!



LESSON XXXVI.

The Bible is sacred.

THERE is a country a great way off called England; and it is ruled by a king. William

the Fourth is now the king of England ; but many years ago, there was a very young king of that country, who was called Edward the Sixth.

He was a very good and pious youth ; as you will believe when you hear my story.

This young king was one day reading in his library, when he wished to reach for a book which was on a very high shelf. He called to one of his friends, who was with him, to bring something for him to stand on, so that he might reach the book.

His friend brought a very large and thick Bible. But Edward would by no means place his foot upon the sacred book, and told his friend, sternly, that it was unfit that he should trample under his feet that, which he ought to treasure up in his head and heart.

LESSON XXXVII.

The Prize.

Mother. WELL, Frank ; well, Charles ; I hope you have both been good boys to day.

Frank. Yes, mother, that we have.

Charles. I can speak for Frank, mother.

Frank. Yes, and *I* can speak, too ; just let me say one word in your ear, mother.

Mother. Well, what is it?

Frank. Charles has got a prize to day.

Mother. A prize!

Frank. Yes, and it is a nice new book. I wish I could say things like Charles, and then I should have a new book too.

Mother. You know you are not as old as he is: when you are at his age, you will do as well, I have no doubt.

Frank. Do you think I shall? O, how glad I shall be! Well, I will try all I can, I am sure.

Mother. And pray, Charles, where is this nice new book, which Frank has told me of?

Charles. Here it is, mother; it is "Hymns in Prose."

Mother. "Hymns in Prose!" Truly, it is one of the best books young folks can have. And how did you gain this prize?

Charles. I had hurt my hand, you know, so that I could not write, and was told to learn one of the Hymns as a kind of task.

Frank. Yes, mother, and he said it so well that he won the book.

Mother. You are a good boy; and you have made your mother quite happy. By and by, I will hear you say the lines.

Frank. So do, mother, for they are very good words, and I shall be truly glad to hear them again.

LESSON XXXVIII.

Alfred's Return.

THE tenth of June was the day fixed for Alfred Worthy to return from school, and pass the holidays at his father's house; and his little sister Sarah could talk of nothing but Alfred's return.

Are you sure, father, says she, Alfred will come home to day. Do look at his letter once more. Does it say Thursday? Well, it is very strange, I think, that he is not here. Sally says it is half past four o'clock, and any horse would have brought him ten miles before this.

I have been watching for him, till I am quite tired; and so now I will try to finish the work which I left. He is very slow not to be here before this; I have taken such pains, too, to get every thing ready for him.

I have cleared out the little closet for his school-books; I have weeded his garden, and made it look so neat, that I think he will scarcely know it again; and I have got all my little presents ready to show him. O dear, it is so provoking that he does not come!

What a great deal we shall have to say to

each other ! Do you know any of those fine stories he told us last holidays ? Brother Alfred knew many things then, but I dare say he knows much more now.

What a nice story that was of the little girl, who made a very silly choice about a purple jar ! She would have the jar instead of a pair of new shoes ; and when she had it, she was sorry, for the jar was of no use to her, and her shoes daily grew worse and worse, till they were quite worn out.

And one day, when her father was going to take her and her brother to see the new glass-house, her shoes were so bad she could not keep them up at the heel, and was forced to stay at home.

She then found out, when it was too late, that the shoes would have been of much more use to her than the jar.—But hark ! there is a chaise at the gate : it is Alfred : O, father, he is come !

LESSON XXXIX.

The Spider.

- As a little boy was walking with his mother, one day, he saw a spider with its

legs all packed close to its body : he did not know what it was, and was going to pick it up.

His mother forbade him, lest he should hurt the spider. She told him that the poor creature had rolled itself up from fear ; that, if he stood still, he would soon see the spider move.

The little boy kept close and quiet for some time, watching the spider : he saw it unfold, first one leg, then a second, till, at last, they were all loose, and away it ran.

His mother then told him a great deal about the cunning tricks of spiders. She talked to him, also, of other insects, which disguise themselves, to escape the dangers which they meet with.

She picked up a wood-louse, and gently laid it on his hand. "There," said she, "you see the wood-louse roll itself into a little ball, like a pea : let it lie awhile, and when it thinks you do not observe it —"

Boy. Ah, mother, it begins to unroll now.—O ! it will run away : shall I not hold it ?

Mother. No, my dear, you would hurt it.

Boy. I would not hurt any creature, mother.

Mother. No, surely.—HE, who made

you, made all creatures, even the little insects, to be happy ; and we must never molest them without cause.

LESSON XL

Abram and Lot.

ABRAM was very rich in cattle, in silver, and gold. And Lot also, who went with Abram, had flocks and herds, and tents. And the land was not able to bear them, that they might dwell with each other.

And those who kept the cattle of Abram, had a strife with those who kept Lot's cattle. And Abram said unto Lot, "Let us have no strife, and let those who keep our cattle have no strife with each other.

"Is not the whole land before thee? Go, I pray thee, from me : if thou wilt take to the left hand, then I will go to the right ; or if thou go to the right hand, then I will go to the left."

And Lot lifted up his eyes, and beheld all the plain of Jordan ; that it had much water every where. Then Lot chose him all the plain of Jordan ; and Lot moved east. And they parted from each other. Abram dwelt in the land of Canaan, and Lot dwelt in the cities of the plain.



LESSON XLI.

The Affectionate Cat.

THE cat is thought by many persons to be cruel, and not grateful for favors. She is not so fond of her master or mistress as a dog; but if we treat her well, she soon becomes fond of us.

There was once a cat brought up in a man's house, that became very friendly to the oldest child, a little girl, who used to play with her. When she got hurt in their sports, she did not bite, nor scratch, nor show any anger about it.

She used to catch a mouse and bring to her

friend alive, and, if she wanted to take it away, the cat would let it run, and wait to see whether she was able to catch it. If she did not, the cat darted at it, seized it, and laid it again before her. And so they played as long as the child pleased.

At length the little girl was taken sick. The cat staid by her bedside. When she grew worse, the cat was taken out of the room and locked up.

The child died. Next day, the cat got loose, and ran to the room where she used to play with her friend. When she did not find her, she began to lament, and went to the room where the corpse lay. Here she lay down still and sad, till she was taken away and locked up again.

When the child had been laid in her grave, the cat was let out of her prison, and went off from the house for two weeks. She then came back very lean and poor. Still she would take no food, but ran away with dismal cries.

At length, forced by hunger, she came home every day at dinner time, and, after being fed, went off again.

Where do you suppose she spent her time? Under the wall of the grave-yard, close by the grave of her friend. Winter and summer,

for five years, she lived there ; till the father of the little girl moved to a distant town.

She used to let his other children play with her ; but she did not love them so well as she did the poor little girl that died.

LESSON XLII.

The Winter is past.

Lo, the winter is past ; the rain is over and gone. The flowers appear on the earth ; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.

THE wintry winds are hushed ;
The ice and snow are gone ;
And where the torrent rushed,
The streamlet babbles on.

The earth is now unbound
From winter's icy chains ;
And greenness spreads around
Its mantle on the plains.

The flowers are spreading out
Their beauty to the day ;
And the insects sport about
In the cheering sunny ray.

The little birds no more
Sit songless on the trees,
But warbling music pour
On the gentle western breeze.

There's gladness on the earth,
And music in the air ;
For the months have given birth
To the spring so sweet and fair.

The hand of God hath spread
His blessings far and wide ;
And the very earth I tread
Seems to praise him in its pride.

Shall I, then, silent stand,
His mercies to survey,
When the ocean, air, and land,
Their grateful tribute pay ?

No—let it not be said
That a little child could see
The Lord his bounty shed,
And yet all praiseless be.

For I am greatly blest ;
Earth's treasures now are mine,
And when I sink to rest,
I may taste of joys *divine*.

LESSON XLIII.

Grapes, Sugar, and Tea.

Do you know what raisins are ? They are grapes, dried a great deal. Grapes, you know, grow upon vines ; but raisins are made of larger grapes than those upon the vine in the garden : they come from a great way off.

Do you know what sugar comes from ? Sugar comes from a cane like a walking stick, that grows in the ground : they squeeze the juice out, and boil it a great deal, and that makes sugar.

And what is tea ? Tea is made of the leaves of a certain shrub that grows in India. The leaves are picked off, sorted and dried with much care and skill : it is then fit for use, and is packed in chests and sent to the market.

LESSON XLIV.

The Five Senses.

COME to me, my dear Mary ; come and sit upon my lap. Let me see ; can you count ? You have one head, one nose, and one mouth ; two eyes, and two ears, two hands, and two feet.

Well, and on each hand you have fingers ; how many fingers ? Four fingers, and one thumb ; four and one make five ; and on each foot five toes. Well, now, what can you do ? Think ; you can see with your eyes, hear with your ears, smell with your nose, and speak and eat with your mouth.

Let me try ; look at me ; yes, you can see me, and you can see the room, and the window, and the garden beyond : and now listen ; yes, you can hear my voice ; you can hear all that I am saying to you ; and hark ! you can hear the birds singing in the garden.

Now, then, here is a pretty rose ; it is just blown ; put it to your nose : ah ! you can smell too ; and if I give you this slice of cake, what shall you do with it ? you will eat it, you say : well, then, you can both speak and taste, as well as see and hear.

One, two, three, four ; that is not all : come here ; look at the stalk of this rose ; there is a thorn upon it : touch your arm with it ; it pricks, you say : well, then, you can feel.

So there is feeling, and seeing, and hearing, and smelling, and tasting ; five. Five what ? Five senses. Has every body five senses ? No ; some unhappy people are blind

and can not see : others are deaf, and can not hear ; or dumb, and can not speak.

Mary ought to be a happy little girl, for she can do all these things. She must try to be good as well as happy, and learn to use these good gifts for the benefit of others as well as herself ; for even little girls can be useful, if they try to be so.

LESSON XLV.

The Farmer and his Dog.

HERE comes the farmer with his old dog Tray, who follows him, or runs barking before him, go where he will.

Poor old dog ! he has been a good and faithful servant these many years ; and once he saved his master's life, from the attack of robbers, as he was coming home from market.

The dog is a good friend to man. He takes care of the garden and grounds by day, barks at, and drives off the cattle and horses when they attempt to break down the fence ; and he protects the house by night from thieves and bad men.

He also looks after the sheep, and keeps them from going astray, and leaving the flock.

The sheep know him and obey him, better than they do the shepherd.

The dog is the only beast upon whose firm and constant friendship man can depend. He knows his master's voice and attends to his call.

He can smell strangers at a distance ; and if he is left many miles from home, he will find his way back again, even if he has never been the road before.

LESSON XLVI.

Clothing.

THE sheep has a fleece to keep him warm. The beaver has a thick fur. The horse has hair, and a fine mane. How it flows over his neck, and waves in the wind ! The ox also is clothed with hair.

The ducks have feathers ; thick, close feathers. Puss has a warm fur : put your hands upon it : it is like a muff. The snail has a shell to shelter him from the cold.

Has the little boy got any thing ? No ; nothing but a soft skin : a pin would scratch it and make it bleed ; poor little naked boy !

But the little boy has got many things ;

fur, and wool, and hair, and feathers. Your coat is made of warm wool, shorn from the sheep; your hat is the fur of the rabbit and the beaver; and your shoes are made of skin.

Look at this green tall plant: do you think it could be formed into a garment? When it is made into cloth, it is called linen; and a part of your dress is made of linen.

So, then, a part of your dress, that you now wear, was once growing in the field. In some countries, they make clothes from the bark of trees.

Men can *make* things: the sheep and ducks can not spin and weave: and this is the reason why the little boy has only his soft skin: the little boy, then, must not be idle; for although he is but a small child now, yet he will one day be a man, and must learn to furnish himself with clothing.



LESSON XLVII.

The Hen and Chickens.

THIS good girl is up every morning by sun-rise, in order that she may feed her little flock of poultry before they ramble abroad in quest of food.

The old hen has got but a small brood of chickens, but she takes as much care of them as a fond mother does of her children, and knows how to provide for their wants, and shelter them from danger.

If a hawk were to come in sight, she would espy him at a distance, and warn her little ones to hide under the bushes or the leaves; and if the hawk were to come

near, she would fly at him with the fury of a lion.

But a few days ago, these little chickens were in the egg-shells: the old hen sat upon the nest of eggs three weeks, and would scarcely come off to eat, lest they should perish for want of being kept warm.

As soon as they were strong enough, they broke the shell and came out, and she kindly kept them under her wings for a time; but now she goes chucking about, and is teaching them to peck and scratch for their food, that, by and by, they may know how to provide for themselves.

It is said that chickens can be hatched in an oven; and I have read that in Egypt it is a common practice. As soon as they come out of the shell, they are put under the care of a fowl, which has been trained to nurse them, and she leads them about in the same way their true mother would have done.

But I do not approve of this mode: it seems like robbing the parent hen, to take the eggs and the chickens from her, and place them under the care of some other fowl, to provide for and protect them.

It is like taking a child from its mother, and putting it to nurse, without her consent, and in a place unknown to her. Are you

not very glad, that it is not the custom to hatch chickens in the oven in our country ?

LESSON XLVIII.

The Diligent Scholar.

WHO is he that leaves his bed early in the morning, eager to prepare his lessons for the day ? He comes forth clothed in the dress of neatness.

His step is light and active. The glow of health is on his rosy cheeks. His well-combed hair hangs in ringlets round his neck. On his lips are the words of truth and candor ; for goodness dwells in his heart.

He is the diligent and worthy scholar. Behold him, as he comes across the green, with his satchel of books in his hand. How briskly he walks ! He does not stop to take the right hand nor the left.

He knows which is the nearest way to his school, and he scorns to turn away from it. He does not regard yon crowd of idle boys : his ear does not listen to their noisy games.

He quickens his step, lest he should be a minute after school-time. He does not fear his teacher will punish him ; for he neglects not any of his duty.

He loves learning, and he loves those who teach him. He looks upon them as his best friends, from whose good counsel he hopes to derive the means of being useful and happy.

Happy are the parents of such a son. Joy and gladness are theirs. His name shall be crowned with honors, by the virtuous and the good, when the pious counsels of his father and mother are heard no more, and their heads are laid in the silent grave.

LESSON XLIX.

Night.

THE sun hath gone to rest,
With clouds around his head,
And in the glowing west
His parting beams are shed.

The dew is in the dale,
The mist is on the flood,
And twilight draws its veil
O'er the distant hill and wood.

The little birds are still,
And resting on the spray;
And e'en the gentle rill
Seems to slumber on its way.

The busy sounds of life
Are sinking into peace ;
For God hath bid the strife
And the toil of day to cease.

'Tis *He* who kindly draws
The curtains of the west,
That the silent gloom may cause
Mine eyes to close in rest.

'Tis *He* whose arms are spread
O'er my pillow in the night ;
He will guard my sleeping head,
Till the morning open bright.

Then how can I forbear
To praise the Lord above,
For the blessings that I share
Of his goodness and his love ?

Or how can it be right,
If I neglect to pray
For *his saving hand by night*,
Or *his helping hand by day* ?

LESSON L.

Nature's Carpet.

WE will drink tea out of doors. Bring the tea-things. Come, fetch your hat. It is very pleasant. But here is no table.

What must we do? O, here is a large, round stump of a tree: it will do very well for a table.

But we have no chairs. Here is a seat of turf, and a bank almost covered with violets: we shall sit here, and you and Billy may lie on the carpet.

The carpet is in the parlor. Yes, there is a carpet in the parlor, but there is a carpet here too. What is it? The grass is the carpet out of doors.

Pretty, green, soft carpet! and it is very large, for it spreads every where, over all the fields, and over all the meadows; and it is very pleasant for the sheep and the lambs to lie down upon. I do not know what they would do without it, for they have no feather-bed to sleep upon.

LESSON LI.

The Oak.

WHAT a fine tree is the oak! What a number of acorns hang upon it! They are good food for hogs. But do not think that the stately oak is of no value but for feeding swine. It has much other value.

This sturdy tree, which spreads out its strong arms on all sides, was once but a little acorn. It has many branches, thousands of acorns, and still more leaves. It has great roots, which strike a long way into the ground, and spread all round at the bottom.

The roots keep it from being blown down by violent gusts of wind, which often shake it; and through the roots it draws the moisture of the earth, to nourish it and keep it alive.

Now, is it not strange, that this great and noble tree should grow at first from a little acorn? and that it should keep on growing larger and larger for hundreds of years?

We look with great delight upon an aged and wide-spreading oak. How many storms and tempests it has withstood! How often have the weary sought its shelter from the noon-day heat! Our fathers' fathers have reposed in its shade, and our children's children may, for ages yet to come, gambol under its leafy boughs.

LESSON LII.

Prayer and Praise.

My dear child, you will shortly arrive at an age, when you must no longer think and act

as a child, but must "put away childish things."

Let me, therefore, beseech you to bear in mind, that both good and evil are before you, and that unless, with a sincere heart, you choose and love the one, you will surely be the victim of the other.

The first step you must take, is, to waken your mind to a sense of the great task you have to fulfil. It is a source of deep regret, that so many perform the duty of praise and prayer, not with joy, and love, and grateful feelings, but in a cold and careless manner.

When you offer up your praise to the Most High, confide to this kindest of fathers all the wishes and desires of your heart; but, at the same time, submit them all to his will, and freely leave it to his divine wisdom to dispose of you, and all that belongs to you.

Thank him for his blessings; and even should he think fit to punish you, you must still be thankful; for, rely on it, it is an act of his mercy, meant for your good.

Implore him to direct and assist you in all hardships and trials; to comfort and support you in sickness and sorrow; and to preserve you, by his grace, from falling into the danger of sin, in the hour of joy and health.

Forget not to beseech him to forgive you

your faults and misdeeds during the day, and to protect and defend you from all evil by night; and do this, not merely in formal words, but "in spirit and in truth;" in grateful love and humble homage.

In youth, the feelings are warm and open: the heart should then admire what is great, and melt at proofs of tender regard; and where can be found any object so proper to excite these feelings as the Father of the world, and the Giver of all goodness?

LESSON LIII.

Duty to Parents.

You have read something of the duty of praise and prayer to the Most High, which I hope you do not neglect to perform. Your next care should be, to attend to the wishes and commands of your parents; and to do all they require of you in a cheerful and willing manner.

Some children put on a sulky look, and begin to grumble, when they are told to do any thing: this shows a bad heart, such as I trust you do not possess.

Your father and mother have taken care of

you, and treated you kindly, when your helpless state would not allow you to do the most trifling thing for yourself.

Even now, they do not neglect nor forsake you, but do all in their power for your comfort; and in many cases, perhaps, they deprive themselves of what they stand much in need of, in order that you may want for nothing.

They supply you daily with food and clothing; and send you to school, that you may acquire what will render you good and happy. If, then, you possess the smallest portion of grateful feeling, you will do all in your power to return their fondness, and repay their care.

Besides, unless you fulfil your duty to your parents, you will offend "your Father who is in heaven"; for one of his commands is, "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

Therefore you must neither expect to enjoy a long and happy life here, nor a blessed one in the world to come, if you do not honor your parents, that is, obey, respect, and love them.

Let your conduct show that your love is sincere, by trying to please them in all you

do, and by doing nothing that you are certain will displease them.

Study their very looks, and strive to fulfil their wishes, if you can, even before they impart them to you. The pursuit of such a line of conduct will convey to your heart a real pleasure, which no breach of the duty you owe them can ever bestow.

Forget not the ties which bind you to the authors of your being; nor let them, for a single moment, feel the bitter anguish of knowing

“ How sharper than a serpent’s tooth it is
To have a thankless child.”

LESSON LIV.

The Ever-Present God.

“ The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the
evil and the good.”

O God, where’er my footsteps tread
By plain or mountain high;
Where ocean’s restless billows spread,
Or forests lift their mighty head,
I feel that Thou art nigh.

If, in the gloom of valleys deep,
I flee the scornful eye
Of folly's idle, thoughtless brood,
E'en there, in silent solitude,
I know that *Thou art nigh*.

In crowded cities, public shows,
'Mid pleasure's pomp and glare,
Or lone beneath the silent sky,
I cannot 'scape thy piercing eye,
For *Thou art present there*.

At home—abroad—with friends—alone,
In day or darkest night,
No moment passes, but I stand
Within the compass of thy hand,
Exposed to clearest sight.

If I would hide my guilty head
From thine all-searching eye,
E'en *night* shall be as *bright as day*,
And gloomiest caverns me betray,
For *Thou art always nigh*.

Then how can I presume to do
Such evil in thy sight,
Since I am never left alone,
And all my secret sins are known,
Though wrought in darkest night?

Then, Lord, assist me so to walk
Beneath thy watchful eye,
That I may never sinful be,
Because no creature seeth me,
Since *Thou art ever nigh.*













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